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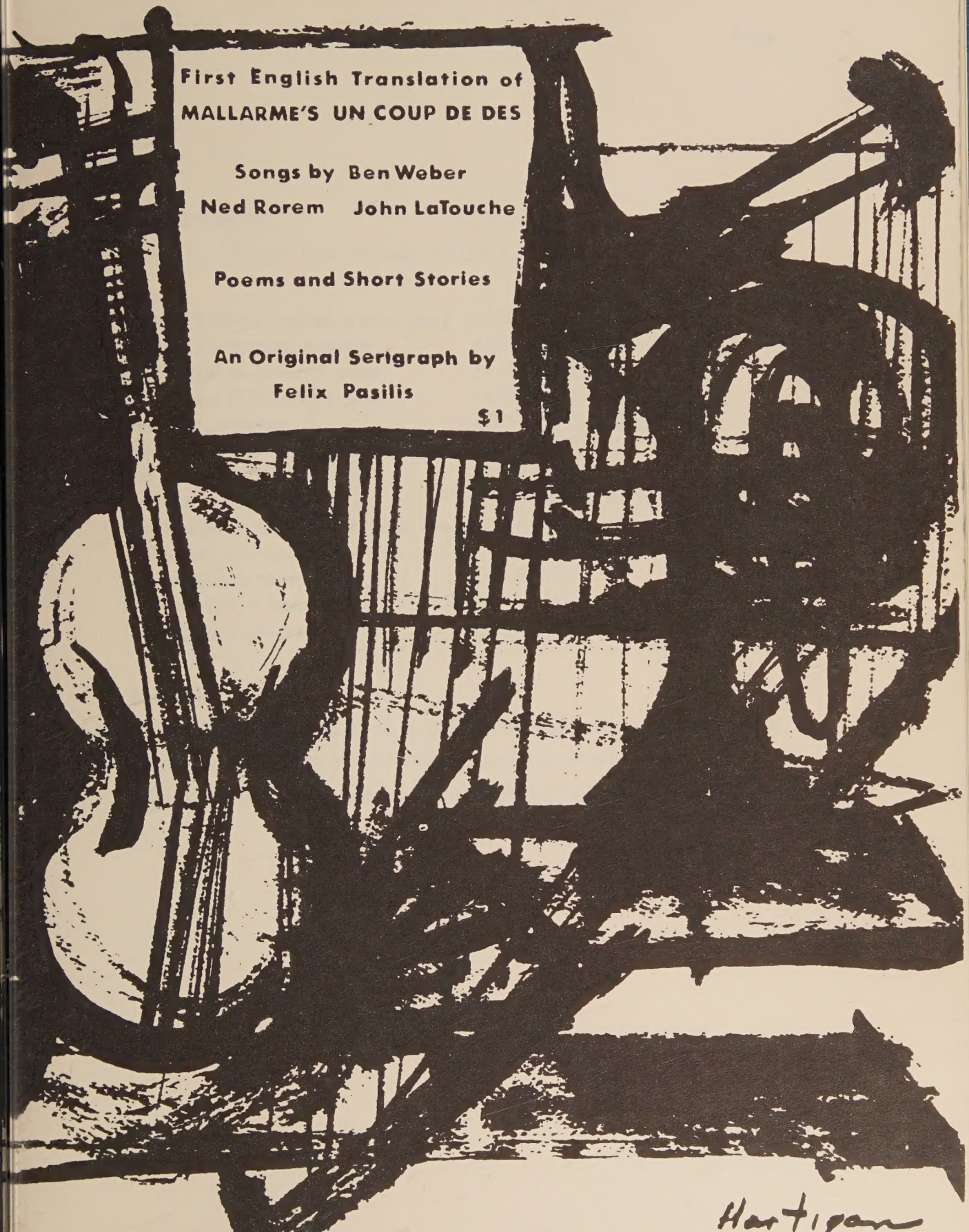

First English Translation of
MALLARME'S UN COUP DE DES

Songs by Ben Weber
Ned Rorem John LaTouche

Poems and Short Stories

An Original Serigraph by
Felix Pasilis

$1

Hartigan

FOLDER 4

1956

UN COUP DE DES — STEPHANE MALLARME
French Text; English Translation by DAISY ALDAN

Trouble Without Tension, a short story — ANTHONY KAYE
Summer Landscape, a poem — RICHARD EBERHART
Thorns Will Be Worn, a poem — JAMES BROUGHTON
Letter From El Dorado, a poem — KENWARD ELMSLIE
The Wish, a poem — MICHAEL SAYERS
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Still Life, A SERIGRAPH — FELIX PASILIS
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Rendezvous, a short story — LEE BRIAN
Life On Earth, a poem — FRANK O'HARA
The Virgins, a short story — ELLIOT STEIN

SONGS:

Jack L'Eventreur, with music by NED ROREM and words by Marie Laure
Song, with music by BEN WEBER and words by Frank O'Hara
Madrigal, with music and words by JOHN LATOUCHE

Cover by Grace Hartigan

Editors: Daisy Aldan, Richard Miller
William F. Weaver—Rome; Eugene Walter—Paris; Associate Editors
Floriano Vecchi—Production

Folder is published by the Tiber Press, 1459 Third Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.
Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
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Distributor—B. De Boer, 102 Beverly Road, Bloomfield, N. J.
Printed by Wellworth Printing Co., New York, N. Y.

UN COUP DE DES JAMAIS N'ABOLIRA LE HASARD

STEPHANE MALLARME

UN COUP DE DES

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JAMAIS

QUAND BIEN MEME LANCE DANS DES CIRCONSTANCES

ETERNELLES

DU FOND D'UN NAUFRAGE

SOIT
que

l'Abîme

blanchi
étale
furieux
sous une inclinaison
plane désespérément

d'aile

la sienne

par

avance retombée d'un mal à dresser le vol
et couvrant les jaillissements
coupant au ras les bonds

très à l'intérieur résume

l'ombre enfouie dans la profondeur par cette voile alternative

jusqu'adapter
à l'envergure

sa béante profondeur en tant que la coque

d'un bâtiment

penché de l'un ou l'autre bord

surgi
inférant

de cette conflagration

que se

comme on menace

l'unique Nombre qui ne peut pas

hésite
cadavre par le bras
plutôt
que de jouer
en maniaque chenu
la partie
au nom des flots
un

naufrage cela

hors d'anciens calculs
où la manœuvre avec l'âge oubliée

jadis il empoignait la barre

à ses pieds
de l'horizon unanime

prépare
s'agite et mêle
au poing qui l'étreindrait
un destin et les vents

être un autre

Esprit
pour le jeter
dans la tempête
en reployer la division et passer fier

écarté du secret qu'il détient

envahit le chef
coule en barbe soumise

direct de l'homme

sans nef
n'importe
où vaine

ancestralement à n'ouvrir pas la main
crispée
par delà l'inutile tête

legs en la disparition

à quelqu'un
ambigu

l'ultérieur démon immémorial

ayant
de contrées nulles
induit
le vieillard vers cette conjonction suprême avec la probabilité

celui
son ombre puérile

caressée et polie at rendue et lavée
assouplie par la vague et soustraite
aux durs os perdus entre les ais

né
d'un ébat
la mer par l'aïeul tentant ou l'aïeul contre la mer
une chance oiseuse

Fiançailles

dont
le voile d'illusion rejailli leur hantise
ainsi que le fantôme d'un geste

chancellera
s'affalera

folie

N'ABOLIRA

COMME SI

Une insinuation

au silence

dans quelque proche

voltige

simple

enroulée avec ironie
ou
le mystère
précipité
hurlé

tourbillon d'hilarité et d'horreur

autour du gouffre
sans le joncher
ni fuir

et en berce le vierge indice

COMME SI

plume solitaire éperdue

sauf

que la rencontre ou l'effleure une toque de minuit
et immobilise
au velours chiffonné par un esclaffement sombre

cette blancheur rigide

dérisoire
en opposition au ciel
trop
pour ne pas marquer
exigüment
quiconque

prince amer de l'écueil

s'en coiffe comme de l'héroïque
irrésistible mais contenu
par sa petite raison virile
en foudre

soucieux

expiatoire et pubère

muet

La lucide et seigneuriale aigrette
au front invisible
scintille
puis ombrage
une stature mignonne ténébreuse
en sa torsion de sirène

par d'impatientes squames ultimes

rire

que

SI

de vertige

debout

le temps
de souffleter
bifurquées

un roc

faux manoir
tout de suite
évaporé en brumes

qui imposa
une borne à l'infini

C'ETAIT
issu stellaire

CE SERAIT
pire
non
davantage ni moins
indifféremment mais autant

LE NOMBRE

EXISTAT-IL
autrement qu'hallucination éparse d'agonie

COMMENCAT-IL ET CESSAT-IL
sourdant que nié et clos quand apparu
enfin
par quelque profusion répandue en rareté
SE CHIFFRAT-IL

évidence de la somme pour peu qu'une

ILLUMINAT-IL

LE HASARD

Choit
la plume
rythmique suspens du sinistre
s'ensevelir
aux écumes originelles
naguères d'où sursauta son délire jusqu'à une cime
flétrie
par la neutralité identique du gouffre

RIEN

de la mémorable crise
ou se fût
l'évènement

accompli en vue de tout résultat nul

humain

N'AURA EU LIEU

une élévation ordinaire verse l'absence

QUE LE LIEU

inférieur clapotis quelconque comme pour disperser l'acte vide

abruptement qui sinon

par son mensonge

eût fondé

la perdition

dans ces parages

du vague

en quoi toute réalité se dissout

EXCEPTE

à l'altitude

PEUT-ETRE

aussi loin qu'un endroit

fusionne avec au delà

hors l'intérêt
quant à lui signalé
en général
selon telle obliquité par telle déclivité
de feux

vers
ce doit être
le Septentrion aussi Nord

UNE CONSTELLATION

froide d'oubli et de désuétude
pas tant
qu'elle n'énumère
sur quelque surface vacante et supérieure
le heurt successif
sidéralement
d'un compte total en formation

veillant
doutant
roulant
brillant et méditant

avant de s'arrêter
à quelque point dernier qui le sacre

Toute Pensée émet un Coup de Dés

A THROW OF THE DICE NEVER WILL ABOLISH CHANCE

STEPHANE MALLARME

Translated by DAISY ALDAN

Translator's Note

UN COUP DE DES was first published in the magazine, *Cosmopolis,* in 1897, and in book form by Gallimard, a short time later. The version printed here follows the Gallimard edition which Mallarmé designed before his death. Mallarmé indicated that the poem is to be read lengthwise, starting at the left side of the page, moving across the fold of the book to the edge of the opposite page.

Each page of the poem forms an ideogram — an image of whiteness of sky and ocean, storm waves, crests and troughs, male and female, wing and bird, sail and boat, the Dipper or Septentrion, etc.

The four themes, introduced by the title, according to Mallarmé, are equivalent to the four phrase movement of a symphony. That number, representing many phases of life and time — four divisions of a day, four seasons, four stages of total time, etc. is an important part of the pattern which unifies the poem.

UN COUP DE DES
JAMAIS
N'ABOLIRA
LE HASARD

in large, bold, Roman caps, is the first and major theme, each word group forming the central idea of the four divisions of the work. The secondary theme, in small caps, may be traced through the poem:

"QUAND BIEN MEME LANCE DANS DES CIRCONSTANCES ETERNELLES/ DU FOND D'UN NAUFRAGE/ SOIT/ LE MAITRE/ EXISTAT-il/ COMMENCAT-IL ET CESSAT-IL/ SE CHIFFRAT-IL/ ILLUMINAT-IL/ RIEN/ N'AURA EU LIEU QUE LE LIEU/ EXCEPTE/ PEUT-ETRE/ UNE CONSTELLATION."

The words in lower case carry out other ideas, and an adjacent theme is carried by those in upper and lower case:

Abîme/ Nombre/ Esprit/ Fiançailles.

The eight point type, the italics, all form individual counterpoints.

The central idea is that 'Thought' or the creative act, 'A Throw of the Dice', (UP COUP DE DES), will never (JAMAIS), abolish (N'ABOLIRA), Death, the Absolute, Chance (LE HASARD). This is the opposite of the theme expressed in *Igitur*: Man through a supreme act, (Art), can conquer *le hasard.*

The Boatswain, the Master, the Artist, the Poet, Creative Man, (LE MAITRE), stands at the helm of his foundering ship, (Life, energy, all the creative forces over which he once held control which now he has lost [jadis il empoignait la barre], in a tornado which is pulling him into the whirlpool, (L'Abîme, le gouffre). Driven wild by the indifferent neutrality of the abyss, (la neutralité identique du gouffre), he hesitates to make the last throw of the dice which he holds in his clenched fist, which might save the ship, (himself); finally realizing that nothing (Rien), not even the 'unique Number', (the great work of art, the supreme act), can save him from the anonymity of Death, (the Absolute, perdition, the final 'Hasard', the void) in which all reality is dissolved, (en quoi toute réalité se dissout).

Yet, a point of light saves the poem from complete darkness. Perhaps, (PEUT-ETRE), in the altitude, beyond human comprehension and perception, there is a last single, dying constellation which retains a point of consciousness which reflects onto the void where he tried to conquer oblivion.

Daisy Aldan

This first published translation of *Un Coup De Des* into English has been authorized by Gallimard and the heirs of Mallarmé.

PREFACE

I would prefer that one did not read this Note, or if skimmed, that one would forget it; it informs the skillful reader of little lying outside his own perception, but may perplex the unsophisticated about to direct his attention to the poem's opening words for those that follow, laid out as they are, lead him to the last, the whole with no newness except for the layout. The 'whites' in fact, assume importance, make the first impression; the versification requires this, as ordinarily, silence around a lyric work or one of few feet which placed in the center, occupies approximately a third of the page: I do not transgress this measure, merely disperse it. Each time an image in and of itself ends or returns, accepting the succession of others, the page intervenes, and here as always, as it is not a question of regular sonorous beats or verse — rather of prismatic subdivisions of the Idea the instant it appears and while their concurrence lasts, in some exact spiritual 'mise en scene', the text imposes itself in variable places, near or far from the concealed conductor thread, in proportion to the verisimilitude. The literary advantage, if I have the right to call it so, of this copied distance which mentally separates groups of words or words among themselves, seems to accelerate and slow up the movement, scanning it, even intimating it according to a simultaneous view of the Page: the latter taken as a unity as is elsewhere the Verse or complete line. The theme will come forth and will vanish, quickly, according to the movement of the writing, around the fragmentary interruptions of a capital phrase introduced by the title and continued. Everything takes place by abridgement, hypothetically; one avoids the narration. In addition, the unadorned use of the thought with contractions, prolongations, evasions, or its very design, results, for whoever wishes to read aloud, in a score. The difference in the type between the major motif, and secondary and adjacent ones, prescribes its importance in the delivery; and the stanza, in the middle, upper, or lower position on the page, will indicate whether the intonation rises or falls. In its elementary stage, only certain daring directions, infringements, etc., forming the counterpoint of this prosody, exist within a work which lacks precedents. Not that I respect the expediency of timid methods; but in a Periodical, however courageous, gracious and inviting it seems to glorious liberties, I am not free, except for a special pagination or in a volume of my own, to act too contrary to usage. However, I will have indicated in the accompanying poem, better than a sketch, a 'proof' which does not break with tradition in all respects; pushed its presentation in many directions without offending anyone; just enough to open one's eyes. Let us freely acknowledge, without presuming what will grow from this in the future, nothing or a near-art, that Today the tentative and the unforeseen enter into free verse and the prose poem, pursuits which are particular and dear to our times. Their union has been realized under an alien influence, I know; that of Music heard at a concert: Finding therein several means which have seemed to me to belong to Literature, I retrieve them. The genre which this may become, little by little, like the symphony compared to the monody, leaves intact the old style of verse, toward which I retain the greatest respect and attribute the sovereignty of passion and of dreams; while this would be the preferred manner for dealing (just as it follows) with subjects of the pure and complex imagination or intellect: which there is no reason any longer to exclude from Poetry — that singular well-spring.

Sétphane Mallarmé

A THROW OF THE DICE

NEVER

EVEN WHEN CAST IN ETERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES

AT THE HEART OF A SHIPWRECK

WHETHER
the

Abyss

whitened
slack
raging
under an incline
desperately soars

by its own

wing

beforehand relapsed from wrongly steering the flight
and repressing the outbursts
cleaving the bounds at the root

deep inside weighs

the shadow hidden in the depth by this alternate veil

to adjust
to the spread

its yawning depth as great as the hull

of a ship

careening from side to side

THE MASTER

appeared
inferring

from this conflagration

which

as one threatens

the one Number which can be

hesitates
cadaver by his arm
rather
than
as the old madman
play the game
in behalf of the waves
one

direct shipwreck

beyond outworn calculations
where the manoeuvre with age forgotten

once he gripped the helm

at his feet
of the unanimous horizon

prepares itself
is tossed and merges
with the fist which would grip it
destiny and the winds

no other

Spirit
to hurl it
into the tempest
to seal the gap and to go proudly

cut off from the secret he withholds

surges over the chief
flows over the submissive graybeard

of the man

without a ship
no matter
where vainly

ancestrally not to unclench his hand

contracted

above the worthless head

legacy on his disappearance

to some

unknown

the ulterior immemorial demon

having

from dead lands

led

the aged man toward this supreme conjunction with probability

he

the puerile shadow

caressed and polished and drained and washed

tamed by the wave and freed

from the unyielding bones lost among the planks

born

of a frolic

the sea by the sire enticed or the sire compelling the sea

idle fortune

Betrothal

whose

veil of illusion rekindled their obsession

as the ghost of a gesture

will falter

will plummet

madness

NEVER WILL ABOLISH

AS IF

A simple

in the silence

into an approaching

hovers

innuendo

encoiled with irony
or
the mystery
hurled
howled

whirlwind of hilarity and horror

over the abyss
neither scattering it
nor fleeing

and rocks therein the virgin symbol

AS IF

solitary plume lost

save

that a toque of midnight meets or grazes it
and freezes
to the velvet crumpled by a dull guffaw

this stiffened whiteness

derisive
too much
in opposition to heaven
not to weakly
brand
whosoever

bitter prince of the reef

dons the headdress heroic
invincible but curbed
by his limited human mind
in turmoil

anxious

atoning and pubescent

mute

The lucid and seigneurial aigrette
on the invisible brow
scintillates
then conceals
a frail gloomy stature
in her siren's torsion

with impatient end scales

laugh

which

IF

of vertigo

upright

time
for beating
forked

a rock

false castle
suddenly
melted into fog

which imposed
a limit on infinity

IT WAS
stellar birth

THIS WOULD BE
no
worse
nor better
but as indifferent as

THE NUMBER

EVEN IF IT EXISTED
other than as a straggling hallucination of agony

EVEN IF IT BEGAN AND EVEN IF IT CEASED
hollow as negation and still born
finally
by some profusion spread with rarity
EVEN IF SUMMED UP

evidence of the sum as small as it is
EVEN IF IT ENLIGHTENED

CHANCE

Falls
the plume
rhythmic suspense of the disaster
to bury itself
in the primitive foam
from where lately his delirium surged to a peak
collapsed
by the indifferent neutrality of the abyss

NOTHING

of the memorable crisis
or the event
might have been

completed with no possible result in view

human

WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE

an ordinary swell discloses the absence

BUT THE PLACE

any mediocre plashing as if to disperse the empty act

abruptly which otherwise

by its lie

would have justified

the perdition

in these parts

of the void

in which all reality is dissolved

EXCEPT

in the heights

PERHAPS

at so distant a place

that it fuses with infinity

above human interest

as pointed out to him

in general

by such slant by such slope

of lights

toward

what should be

the Septentrion or North

A CONSTELLATION

cold from neglect and disuse

yet not so much

that it does not count

on some empty and superior plane

the next collision

sidereally

of a final reckoning in the making

watching

doubting

revolving

blazing and meditating

before it halts

at some final point which consecrates it

All Thought emits a Throw of the Dice

Anthony Kaye

Trouble Without Tension

It was a nasty bruise my savior gave me, just above the left eye. I fell back and lay staring up at the sun, and I got a burn inside my brain from one sharp focused ray of its ancient light. Then my savior picked me up — I could hardly breathe against his chest. His cold hands held me up, pressed into my backbone, or I would have fallen. My toes barely touched his ankles. Then he slung me against his hips like a bundle. I whimpered against his backside; his hard wrist was hurting my ribs and one of his fingernails scratched the top of my heart.

"Couldn't you —" I was trying to say, "Couldn't you rest me on your shoulder?" but I started choking; blood must have risen into my throat. "Your shoulder!" I tried to say again, but he started walking. "I'm taking you to my funny little boat," he said gently. He walked without haste across the dusty, weedy vacant-lots that stretched for miles on that edge of town. I could hear the rushing of traffic on the highway half a mile away.

I tried to hold on to his shoulders; every time I reached up he gripped me tighter under his arm, digging those fingers into my side. I sobbed once, and finally with both hands he lifted me up over his shoulder, my legs in front, my arms and head drooping down behind. But he started undoing a tendon in my foot, as a sailor would untie a knot. I beat his back with my fists and tried to bite his skin. "I won't be able to stand again," I said. "You'll make a miracle necessary!"

Careful as a shoemaker he seemed to be unlacing my foot so that, still walking, he got all the flesh loose, the bones separated and only resting precariously in their bed of flesh, all the veins snapped apart neatly and spread like branches, my whole foot turned halfway inside out like an opened orange. I could see it by looking under his arm. I wept against his back, clinging to his sides. Red and sloppy in the sunlight, my foot spattered his thighs.

"I'll have to put you down for a while."

He lay me gently in a depression of the earth and took his hands from under my back. I lay groaning on the softest grass, and some dandelions pressed against my neck. I closed my eyes but the sun shone down on my face and my body like a stilled flood. My savior stepped back.

"Take me up," I said.

"Wait." He stood still, looking at me with his wide grey eyes. His red lips smiled. You could call him shy-looking, and his face is too round and rosy to be handsome. His hands hung at his sides, and the fingers that had undone my foot were sticky. He bent down to wipe them on the grass.

"My foot is all apart!"

"Water might restore it," he said, "like a baptism."

"But it's only my foot," I said. I was always starting to argue with him, I couldn't help it.

"Yes," he said. "You're hurt all over. Your left temple is dark. The ribs near your heart look bent. Your mother and father will be unhappy."

"Unhappy!" I said. "Their own ribs will ache. O, take me to the boat, please."

"Not yet." He looked at the sky; then he bent toward me, as if to pick me up. But he straightened up again. I began to moan. He said, "I'm going away."

"No!" How can you be my savior if you go away?"

"Arguing again," he said bitterly, and walked off.

There was nothing to do but start fixing up my foot. You never can perfectly re-lace a pattern that has been undone. Patchwork is always faulty. However, I did learn a great deal about the structure of the human foot. I pressed the soft thin skin of my veins together and hoped they would seal up. I reassembled muscles and tendons as well as I could, and tied long strands of grass around my foot when it was all together. It didn't look like a perfect foot any more, but the bleeding was stopped; I could feel the process of circulation beginning again, and I thought with relief that at least I had connected each vein-end with its proper partner. All praise to harmony.

I lay in that spot for years, though, before I could get my toes to move as they should. Meanwhile the bruise on my temple disappeared, as I could tell one morning when I suddenly saw myself reflected in the sky for an instant. My heart and my ribs healed slowly, and my chest looked funny at that place, slightly caved in, as if something precious had been ineptly cached there. Precious indeed!

I almost gave up waiting for him. Once I even tried to start walking. I got up from the ground, and placed a little weight on my healed foot — enough to know I could have stood on it. I didn't move, though. Call me virtuous or cowardly, I stayed there, waiting. At night I slept, lying on my stomach. I noticed that the noise of traffic died out, day by day, in the immediate south, and began to get heavier toward the southwest. I decided that they must have re-routed the highway, or perhaps straightened it.

I waited and waited, not knowing a thing about him. I had known from childhood that he was my savior, in spite, or perhaps because, of the intense way in which my parents kept insisting that he was. I saw him from time to time as I grew up; he would come for an evening, bringing me pennies and the awful stories he likes to tell, and souvenirs of his homeland, wherever that may be. I used to insist it was hell, because the lovely dark feathers he brought seemed to come from Lucifer's own eagles, and some of the little stones looked like what I imagined brimstone to be. He only laughed when I told him this. Some of the pennies he gave me weren't our kind; they were decorated

on one side with simple, stylized flames, and there was a motto in Greek or something like it, which my savior said could be translated as either "Fire in joy" or "Joy in fire." It was infantile, but I always laughed at it. On the other side of the coin was a line drawing of a head that looked something like my savior, though perhaps not quite so jolly. When I told him it must be a picture of himself, he said "I resemble the king," with an arch sophisticated look. I never knew exactly what he meant by anything — though I admit that was partly my fault.

Anyway, savior he was, I never doubted it. He seemed savior-like somehow. For one thing, you couldn't put anything over on him; and you felt guilty every time you argued with him. He was never purposeless, which made him dull at times, but he could be witty and wise and playful.

My parents never seemed to understand him, either. Once, when he robbed Father of two thousand dollars, Mother became quite angry. There was no doubt about who had taken the money, though my savior never admitted it outright. Once he said "What if I did take it?" and Mother almost hit him. But she knows he'll put up a fight if necessary, even against a lady. Later she told him she was glad it was *he* who stole it, if it had to be stolen. My savior looked quite angry and said she was being fatalistic. Mother apologized.

Some savior! It was he who got me involved with Betty, a real bitch if ever there was one. He knew what she was. I did too, for that matter; it was partly my fault. But he maneuvered our affair young as we were. All I had to do was get a look at her white body, resting shadowed and smooth on grass in a little garden behind her house . . . She really took me for all I was worth, mostly sneaking me into her own house while her parents were asleep. She could always manage to be sarcastic about the whole affair, seeming to laugh just when I was feeling other than humorous.

One night I sneaked into her house alone, uninvited, and I found, of all people, my savior in bed with her. I stood in the doorway of the bedroom, shocked and staring, and all the time wondering what she could see in him. After a moment they each spoke to me. Betty said, "If you think it's all right for you, it's all right for him." Then he said, "Well, you always thought that hell must be my home country."

My parents wouldn't believe me when I tried to tell them about it, and for that I thought them extremely stupid. I was in a blind fury, very much confused, angry at Betty and my parents. I ran away the next morning after breakfast, toward the mountains, and my savior caught me just outside of town. When he said he was going to take me to his boat, I was happy. He had been promising that for many years, but I had never asked him about it. Each time he brought it up, I said it would please me very much to be going somewhere on his boat, and then I stopped thinking of it for fear I would destroy the promise somehow.

Friend, friend, I thought, as I waited in the small grass valley nibbling at berries and de-feathering the sparrows I had caught, savior, when are you coming to take me to your alleged boat? Then one morning I saw my reflection in the sky again; it was as if a giant mirror were bowled above me and I, distorted, bulging in the middle and curved at the sides, made a ludicrous reflection from horizon to horizon. And low in the south, dimly as if behind me somewhere, I saw him standing quietly, not even looking my way. However it was enough to see him again. The reflection disappeared then, but I felt peaceful all day.

I suspected he would play some kind of doubt-game with me, testing to see if I would keep on waiting, trying something to make me wonder if he really would return, or if he really did have a boat. When I made that remark to myself about the "alleged boat," it was only a kind of joke. I knew that everything he said was true and everything he did was right. There was no doubting game, in fact there really couldn't have been. I was too well prepared for such games, so that sometimes I would even say "I doubt if he's coming," deliberately, to clear out the superficial fancies in my head, and to keep

control of my own words. "I doubt if he has a boat," I would say, "and anyway it probably leaks, I doubt if he's really anybody's savior . . ."

He finally showed up, cruel as ever. He stood beside me for hours, just watching me weep in exhaustion. He kicked the sole of my mended foot, as if he meant to test it! I felt the jolt clear into my thighs.

"You've been waiting a long time," he said.

"So have you," I said.

"The boat wasn't ready for you, it needed painting." He grabbed my wrists and began to drag me, and I cried out. I clenched and unclenched my hands; my weak wrists ached in his grasp, and sometimes as he walked through the sagebrush and cactus he turned so that my wrists were twisted. He gave one of my hands a complete turn once. The weeds hurt me. My legs were all torn, my genitals bled, and I thought bitterly of Betty.

But the boat was there, all right, tied and rocking at the edge of the long placid river that springs out of the mountains, flows its quiet way down to the ocean, and presumably sets this particular vessel on its way to hell or paradise or perfectly equated knowledge or undiminished sensibility — wherever those souvenirs came from. Against the river bank the boat shone in the sunlight, bright blue and orange, with violet sails and a mast decorated in spirals of white and green. At first I thought it looked garish, but I've been able to change my tastes. The water below now is blue over black, the sky is white under black. My savior is with me, keeping as much to himself as is possible in such a small space—for the boat is only twenty-seven feet two inches long and ten feet eight inches wide. We talk occasionally and eat together. I realize there is much pain yet to come and *he* would never let me forget it. The winds have been gentle. I'll have to explain everything to my parents sooner or later, if they don't already understand, wherever they are, and whatever communications are possible. We keep operating our radio, for I have to keep in contact with the world and give these testimonies on my savior's behalf. But we're on our way.

Richard Eberhart

Summer Landscape

The pine with gray tips is moist still.
Peace pervades the scene. The standing pool
Has the green mantle, a spreading tone.
All the walks are full of time.

Vigor stirs the rose in thousand petals
As the fountains play; the frogs are placid.
It is a moist July. Rich the blood.
The snake will hold his poise, then glide away.

I have thought of pastoral simplicity
As flesh without a mind; it is luxury
Increasing summertime, as strokes of sleep
Accomplish better looks when birds are winging.

Swallows, for instance. There are swallows playing
About the barns like brightest minds; their eyes
Are quicker than my eyes; they make my mind
The quickness of their turning. I, their quick.

Cordwood stands beside the heavy vegetables.
Rank growths encroach in lower meadows; wild—
Run rough soil keeps a flaming need
Of growing trees, young pines forcing the landscape.

Everywhere is ease; everywhere is peace.
If an emotion comes, then put it back.
It is the stillest drama of stillness itself.
Poise is delicate, dedicating this instruction.

Now waves of the clover-ether triumph.
Space is a time of abundant silence.
The supple bees abound. The squirrels play.
The moonlight will be as good as the hot day.

James Broughton

THORNS WILL BE WORN

Thorns will be worn for the masquerade kill:
knot the thistle tight underneath your chin.
Nettle-lined vest for the spine's old chill,
pin up the knees where the blood runs thin.
Stings on your fingers and welts on your toes,
burrs for your bottom sharpening the itch,
bifocal bramble-patch clamped to your nose:
thorns will be worn stitch by stitch.

Skewer new stigmata to the roots of the hair,
pierce the ear with needlepoints inch by inch.
Briery for tongue and prickly-heat prepare,
barb the tender nerve where the old shoes pinch.
Pangs for your cheeks and dagger for your eye,
porcupine your finery quill by quill,
bleeding-heart medals dress you up to die:
thorns will be worn for the masquerade kill.

LETTER FROM EL DORADO

Your directions were dandy.
"You can't miss the ruins.
Bring me his eye, gold and very rare.
Don't drink from the rivers on the way.
Ignore the birds: they misinform."
Then you said goodbye. I remember every word.

Well, the trip was fun. The train
Tunnelled through the palms.
I marked the route with streamers of confetti,
Took snapshots of the monkeys and the snakes,
Charmed the Indians and fed the flowers flies.

I got there after dark.
Found the cave, pushed the rock aside.
Scrambled past skulls and sapphires.
My knees began to bleed. Then I reeled.
There he was, gold eye and all,
So like you,
Only stone.

We are great friends.
Sometimes he moves,
Mentions your name, says what? what?
My arms still work, but my eyes feel funny,
And I miss the sun.
Please come soon.

Michael Sayers

THE WISH

I want to get before summer comes
Hived in this body honied with welcomes
All the fierce and delicate animals of the wood
    Who roam in my solitude

I want to be when summer is here
Where woodlands end where waters are
Wet in the wind's eye only
    Alone and utterly unlonely

So let me know before summer can go
All that summer can do
Far beyond dreaming's envy
Fly with a wing leap with a fin
    Fall with the dew

Julian Cooper

WHEN WE GROUNDED ARMS

When we grounded arms

It was like a fishbone stranded on the seashore.

When we presented arms

It was like the quills on the back of a porcupine.

When we fixed our bayonets

It was like the teeth of a sabre-toothed tiger.

When we ported arms

The click of our bolts was like a clap of thunder.

And when we marched off

It was like the mist which goes away in the morning.

Pavilion

Josephine Carson

CONSENT

"Tell me, Finley."

'Hmmm?"

"Tell me."

"Why?"

"Because I want to know."

"That's no reason."

"Yes it is. It's the best reason. I want to know."

"Lie back. Look at the stars. There are thousands and thousands. Did you ever see such a thing?"

"Finley, please tell me."

"Why are you always asking and asking the same thing? Why do you want to know? You've been asking for a whole summer. Why?"

"I really want to know. I really do, that's all. Please, Finley."

"Lie back, come on. Look at the stars."

"If I lie back will you tell me?"

"Well . . . . yes. Lie back then and I'll tell you. There, now. This is it.

They were all together at the table one night, a night just about like this, with biscuit crumbs and a ham bone or two around, for they had just finished their supper. That is, the father and the mother and all the children, eight children there were. And while they were having their sasparilla, Mollie Curtin, the oldest daughter said, 'I know of a fairy tale I'll tell'. 'Tell it, God blast you!' said her father, who was a hearty man. And so she told the tale — Mollie with her smokey big eyes so open and soft and her breakable cheekbones. And this is the fairy tale. Just imagine Mollie telling it with a look of wondering and a little of omen.

Once a princess wandered out into a garden and spoke to everything there, hoping to get a response because she was lonely. She did not like it that only humans could speak for she saw very few humans in her life, and she saw many other creatures such as butterflies and toads and squirrels and rabbits and spiders and cats and beetles. And honey bees.

She sat on a bench and whispered to some flowers on a vine but they only waved there in the breeze silently. She called sweetly to a little squirrel running along the top of the garden wall but he gave her no more than a look and scurried away. She was so sad and lonely, and she felt as if she loved someone but had no idea who it could be. How is this possible? she said to herself.

But it was true. She sat forlornly on her bench in the sunshine which dazzled itself firely in her hair. The sunshine seemed to spring out of her gold hair new made. Soon a honey-bee flew overhead and, seeing the sparkling mass which was the hair of the princess, he dived toward it wildly, swirling about it with a drone, fascinating the princess. He swirled and droned about her head until she was reeling with his sound. Then he dived into her hair hoping to get some nectar as from flowers. The bee went off after his hunting and no one in this world knows if he found anything there or not.

Now the princess knew that she had been enchanted by this bee and she would have her wish. She stood up and turned in a circle nine times. She knew what she was doing although she did not know. That is the nature of enchantment. Then she closed her eyes and forced herself out of herself and divided herself in-two. She opened her eyes and there stood another princess just like herself, knowing all that she knew, charms and secrets and the like, and thinking about life just as she did.

She was ecstatic. She had a companion at last. The princess went into the castle and ran down the long airy corridors to find her mother. She rushed to her mother and said, 'Oh my mother, do you know that I have made myself in-two, and now I have a companion?' And her mother the Queen was quiet but pleased within herself at the enchantment. She blessed the princess but not aloud.

Then the princess, feeling safe, went to her brother the prince and said to him gently, 'Oh my brother, do you know I have made myself in-two? And the prince was pleased for he did not wish to bother forever talking with his silly sister.

And then the princess found her little sisters and brothers in a circle playing a game and said to them, 'Oh my little apples, do you know that I have made myself in-two?' And they stood open-eyed with wonder for the whole day and then forgot her.

And finally, tremulously, the princess went to the King, her father. 'Oh my father' she said, 'look at me. I have made myself in-two for to have a companion.' And her father, the King, arose and flung his hands into the air. He grabbed a rod of lightning and struck the ground near the princess but he did not strike her. He grabbed a roll of thunder and clapped it all about her head but it did not deafen her. It only frightened her. He sucked in a huge wind and blew it forth but not so as to blow her away. Then he screeched at her, that she was a witch, that it was a terrible trick and a lie, although he saw her there plainly before him, made in-two. He flung himself sobbing on the floor of the throne room for he had never known of this kind of enchantment, nor that a woman had more magic than he.

For many weeks the King was ill and wild. Nothing could calm him. The princess could not go to him out of her terrible fear, but finally she sent the enchantment princess pretending it to be herself, and the enchantment princess nursed the old King back to his health.

"And..." said Mollie Curtin solemnly..."they lived happily ever after, all together."

Everyone liked Mollie's story. The brother older than Mollie said he liked it and kissed her goodnight. Her mother smiled tenderly and secretly at Mollie because she was sweet and knew how to amuse the children. Her father whacked the table loudly with a wooden spoon and praised her. And the children gathered around her and she put them all to bed.

Then Mollie went to bed herself, thinking of her little brothers and sisters, their grassy smells, the appleness of their faces. She was more fond of them than of anyone. The next day at daybreak there was a moan, and then a call from Mollie's bedroom. There was a sudden errand for her older brother. There was another errand to the nearest neighbor for her little brother Davy. Then the littlest girls had to heat the kettle at the wrong hour in the middle of the morning and some very unsociable visitors came and did not politely stay in the parlor where they belonged. They went into Mollie's room, all women, hush-hushing everything around the house.

And Mr. Curtin, that loud father, had to sit in the corner with a pipe, without an errand in the world.

Then there was a shriek and a pip and a squeek and a smack and a wail and a scurrying about and a harmony of female sighs and . . . well . . . that's it. That's the story."

"Is that all?"

"That's it."

"I don't quite understand it."

"It's simple. That's how I was born . . . that morning after the fairy tale. That's what you wanted to know, isn't it?"

"Then Mollie . . ."

"Mollie was my mother, yes."

"And what about your . . ."

"He was a honey-bee, I guess. She never told me. She never told anybody."

"Did you ever ask her?"

"No."

"Who do you think maybe he was?"

"Like I said, probably a honey-bee."

Peter Hanke

The Warning

Your warning dropped with the rain
this day has terrified my neat, curled,
and irreplaceable spirit, so I laugh
as the lawning court drinks the idiot wet.

It was the way your stare multiplied,
falling with the raindrops, filling the sky
with everlasting plurals down to the soil.
You stared blind at my face, this was the warning.

And other times and places. Batting a volleyball
over a beach net I've touched you in the wind,
by a window once I met you
at an austere dinner during the fish-eggs.

Everywhere and always, now that no more
an hour spreads like days
I am companioned by your accidents,
the sun's lyric pincers close on air.

Yet what more than any son of the sole god
or any daughter worked from the fires of seeds
have I to fear your stare,
your dry sea-froth, your stammering candles?

Sunset From The Ground

In the cloud fastnesses
above the smell of tires and the flesh of flowers
pillars, depths announce gray, rose, and green
violences and the vast birth of time.

No wonder birds are fixed
in it like fruit on branches or, slow leaves,
sail in that curst and phosphorescent heaven
too high for calumny. No wonder
we descend the jungling hillside in our shrouds;
yet will not thumb a ride; tar our shoes.

Airplanes traverse those weightless blown canyons
of fiery corrugation, stars in their wakes.
As their fans rip wisps and rumor
the beat of our hearts, too high, we place them in
one sunset all over the sky.

Lee Brian

Rendezvous

One day — and this was to be the solitary time — Miss Carrie spoke twice to Thalia. Once outside and once within the cemetery. As a student Miss Carrie had worked part time in the university library, and there one April morning Thalia had dropped in for a copy of *"Madame Bovary"* which she needed for a literature class. Just as she signed her name on the green card, Miss Carrie's watchful eye spied her. Though the sight of Thalia affected her so strongly that she commenced to tremble and at the same time to perspire on the back of her neck (for the library was the last place she had expected to see Thalia) she managed to control her voice sufficiently to ask if she could be of assistance. Thalia raised her head, smiled briefly but kindly, and passed the card across the counter. "Thank you, no," she said. Then too soon she was gone —

Miss Carrie watched her in a daze until she could delay returning to her task no longer. When she picked up the green card she noticed that Thalia in her haste to get the book (and be off, no doubt, to a sorority luncheon or tea, where Miss Carrie could see her in the exciting intimacy of a circle of girls, as they carelessly and effulgently handled each other) had checked out *"Bovary"* not in an English translation but in its original.

Now, Miss Carrie thought triumphantly, now! Who would prevent her from seizing the golden moment! Until her lunch hour came, she was in a fever, for was not this her day of days! Through the cemetery she hurried, daydreaming and discarding half a dozen gambits for opening the conversation. All at once she looked up; at first her eyes saw the greening poplars on the Holman land, for it was April and rain had drenched the soil. Then she saw Thalia herself. "Oh Miss Holman," she faltered "May I see you—"

The next few minutes Miss Carrie could never properly recall, though she remembered how Thalia stopped, how she glanced at the book, how she murmured, "How sweet of you to come". . . her voice like the essence of forgotten dream fragments; but the moment itself sped along too rapidly, lost to time, and never recaptured.

They exchanged books. Miss Carrie for one second dared touch the hand of the other. "You must sign here," she said in her best professional manner. Thalia opened her purse for a pencil. Her handkerchief fell to the ground. She did not bother about it, and Miss Carrie kicked it slightly out of sight only to retrieve it while Thalia was busy with the card. Miss Carrie later took it as an omen that they had stopped at the stone bench which Thalia's own grandfather had placed just to the right of his wife's grave. Slightly to the west Miss Carrie could see the sleeping dove that rested on the top brick of the Eliot crypt. The air was heavy with gardenias and the sky was April blue and worms ate at the rotted heart of the oak that would soon fall of its own useless weight.

Thalia finished the card and Miss Carrie took it. This was the second encounter that day.

Two months later Thalia was dead, a flu victim of the epidemic year, and the heavy stone that pressed down her white, helpless body bore the inscription of her name and the record of her scant years, 1901-1919. No other encounters would come to Miss Carrie, but the handkerchief which, in haste to be off to her tea or luncheon, Thalia had dropped, remained in Miss Carrie's possession. She kept it in a small cedar box that when you raised the lid sent off a scent of lavender and gardenia.

These later days Miss Carrie walked to and from work for exercise. She was getting stout, and the Goods in Transit desk did not allow her opportunity for much exercise. Her way through the cemetery seldom varied as much as two feet from year to year. All that changed were the seasons, and in the winter when she returned from the office the gates were closed, though Miss Carrie and, for that matter, the boys bent on love-making, knew how to creep in without even trying the rusty lock. Sometimes in idleness she watched them from behind some protecting hedge. She always waited for the expectant burst of laughter, that high feminine giggle, which informed her that their love-making had attained that moment from which they could not retreat. It came, subdued, through the heavy foliage, touched by the freshness of the shower of an hour before, choked in its own cadence. It was as heavy as the gardenia that scented the grotto. The cry tore at her heart; she could not listen with equanimity. The turgid vines, the twisted sex roots of the bushes, caught her foot as she stumbled homeward. She held her hand to her throat. Her own pain made a wobbly throttling call inside her. Only at home in the tiny apartment when she was alone and after she had turned on the faucet to still the sound did she scream a little.

The only time Miss Carrie avoided the cemetery was after a heavy snowfall when the markers were obliterated. On such mornings the cemetery was no more than a patch of anonymous white field, and walking down the path through the family plot gave her that lost feeling that she'd missed saying good morning to old friends. Old friends they were, these stones. But when the weather was mild — ah, that was something else again. She came up the hill then, her pace brisk, smiling to herself, retaining her own secret, and, if no one was about, speaking inaudibly to the specters on either side of the park. Such greetings generally were the first words to pass her lips since the preceding afternoon when she left the Accounting department of the Primrose Transportation Company.

This early in the morning her voice as a rule was shrill and sounded a little foreign in her ears. In her dreams, and Miss Carrie was a great dreamer, her voice took on a certain musical sweetness.

The names themselves on the stones she never tired of speaking. Douglas — Woods — Heartcall — Holman — Ryder Brown. They all were here, or at least those who had died before 1936; the others were buried in the new cemetery, the expansion of the university having choked the life of the old cemetery.

Miss Carrie had a tiny apartment with a window on the south that overlooked the Lombardy poplars, with their upward pointing branches, and the golden willows, which she had planted herself. Her apartment was within a block of the old house on Hillside where as a student she had roomed. In those days the university itself had clustered around Harriman Hall, a good six blocks from the cemetery gates, a venerable building done in the style of the Third Empire, now to be sure gone to make way for a new gym; it was in old Harriman Hall that she had taken a course in art appreciation from Dr. Rowe, who was now buried next to his second wife below the slope of the west hill.

Today, thanks to the university, the cemetery could not expand; and the dead had to go elsewhere: Laurel Hill and the Home of Eternal Rest, both of them on the outskirts of the city. The university had erected two large, monstrously ugly buildings on the land purchased from the cemetery trustees, and used them for boys' dormitories.

In the Accounting department were sixty girls. The number was fixed, though individually they came and went; fresh from high school, they stayed on a few months until presently one morning they modestly exhibited, with much blushing and simpering, an engagement ring. Later the lucky girl made the round of the office saying goodbye. Miss Carrie always donated a quarter for the wedding present; and when within a year or so the girl would return to say hello and by the distended shape of her body to announce the approach of a certain event, Miss Carrie would delicately avoid looking into the girl's eyes, for the sodden, soiled traces there disturbed her. The girls came and went, and in time she managed to forget their names.

But she had favorites. To them she gave half a Hershey bar or one of the ninety-cent a pound chocolate creams which she consumed in secret, for she had tried without success to diet. She gave them other nameless miscellaneous favors.

On an impulse one day she bought two balcony tickets for *Hedda Gabler*, which a visiting actress was offering at the Melbe. One ticket she gave to the girl, keeping the other for herself. She would sit next to the child in the blue darkness of the balcony and smell the lotion and disinfectant, the mint, and the darkness itself so fraught with memories of young lovers who had cooed to each other on these velvety seats.

The girl was fresh from high school, where she had majored in commercial subjects. Poetry, art, and the fine world of music were closed to her, but Miss Carrie knew beauty was a state of mind. She longed to be the girl's mentor. And Hermine, never having seen a play before, promised to meet Miss Carrie at one-thirty in the lobby. Of course she hadn't. In her heart Miss Carrie, whose life was compounded of such futile encounters, had not expected her. The imaginary conversation would remain — imaginary. In place of Hermine, Miss Carrie had on her left a freckle-faced boy who followed the lines of the play in his book; he smelled of peanuts and incidental bay rum.

In all it was the most despairing and wasted afternoon Miss Carrie had spent in years, and Monday she listened emptily to Hermine's explanations.

"That's all right," she smiled impersonally through her green eyeshade. "I'm glad the ticket wasn't wasted."

But that evening when she walked through the cemetery, her arms loaded with groceries, she could not keep her thoughts impersonal. She put her bundle down on the mildewy stone, watched the dripping moss, and remembered how the girl had laughed, her teeth showing, how she had walked down the aisle at the office with that slight bulge in her back under the knit dress . . .

Thalia Holman, 1901-1919, had been a member of the most socially prominent sorority on the campus, and greatly sought by the young military men who were preparing to go into officers' training. She had blue eyes and a straight nose that when she laughed quivered with intense little tremors; and her complexion was peaches and cream, an expression which Miss Carrie always associated with the girl because, though she heard it constantly now in radio plays to which she was addicted, it still conjured up for her that indistinct quality of sweetness that she remembered about Thalia.

In those days when Miss Carrie had roomed with Mrs. Bergin, dead since 1922 and buried in the Alvord plot, her way to school led across the cemetery through the undeveloped section and past those lots later used during the 20s by the Hill and Book and Elston families. While Miss Carrie was still in college (studying Virgil and the romantic poets from poor Mr. Barnston, who, so the story went, tried to smother his cat one night), they were still alive and going to the Country Club on Preston Highway and helping to bring in the jazz age, of which Miss Carrie was thankful she had never been a part. Later she read about their raccoon coats and pocket flashes and their immoralities in sedans parked on Chalf Hill. A noisy, childish group, she always considered them. She could survey them at her leisure as she strolled through the cemetery.

Thalia's crowd. . . . Thalia herself occupied the choicest room in her sorority house, overlooking the southwest corner of the cemetery. While she slept during the early morning hours (campus queen, the most popular sophomore girl, the sweetheart of Sigma Chi) long after the cock in Mrs. Fair's back yard on Preston had crowed and the chimes in the university tower had marked off the morning hours and the smell of freshly made coffee went stale in the sorority dining room, she would be greeted faithfully by Miss Carrie, hurrying along the cemetery way. To look up at the closed shade of Thalia's room became a morning ritual; to murmur some faint greeting (for even as a student Miss Carrie lived alone and for hours went without speaking to another human being), an act of loyalty, like the handshake of members of a fraternal order.

If she passed people in the cemetery she never noticed them. Her thoughts belonged elsewhere. Later she regretted this inattention, because out of hazy recollection, strengthened by reading, she came to realize that even in those remote times of her youth there were evidences that the cemetery was used by the living for purposes other than that of restoring the dead to the earth. Beer bottles and an occasional bootleg whiskey jar littered the base of the stones, and here and there on a spring morning Miss Carrie could not help observing where the velvety grass was pressed down.

Often she wondered about the long-dead Thalia. Had she too spent her evenings in the cemetery, after the dance at the Country Club, after the last formal goodnight had been spoken, crushed against the velvety spring grass by some yank yokel who now, perhaps, occupied a corner of the Johnston or Cook plot, or, if despite all the bootleg whiskey he had consumed, still alive, taking the alcoholic cure at Dr. Swartzkif's private home?

Sometimes she would be sick with the picture of past iniquity. Her soul in turmoil, she would come to the cemetery, sit with her bag of groceries on the stone bench facing Thalia's marker, idly rubbing her finger tips over the large-size oranges heaped in the brown sack, and attempt to exorcise the ugly vision from her mind.

Hedda had made Miss Carrie bold. She rubbed her hand over a big orange, gazing at the poplars against the sky, planning and discarding numerous strategies; finally it was the gardenia that gave Miss Carrie a clue. Hermine had a passion for perfume. Of course. Of course. What was simpler than to praise her taste. The next morning Miss Carrie made it a point to tell Hermine, who blushed and confessed that she bought the expensive brand in little dabs at the five and ten. "But's it's wonderful," said Miss Carrie through her green shade.

A few days later Hermine on her own volition walked over to the Goods in Transit desk and held a slim hand under Miss Carrie's nose. "Smell," she invited.

The prospect of the nascent friendship transported Miss Carrie to the higher realms, and it was only a matter of some weeks until she could say, "My dear"—a very impersonal *my dear*, sexless, the *my dear* that the girls in the department tossed off—"someone gave me a large bottle of your brand for Christmas, and, my dear, you must have it."

Hermine was delighted but immediately reconsidered. "For it belongs to you, Miss Carrie, and I do think it would be selfish of me to take it, I do."

Miss Carrie tittered in her high shrill voice. "Now what would an old woman want with a snappy brand of perfume like that!"

"You're not so old," said Hermine gratuitously. "After all a person is only as old as she feels."

Miss Carrie's eyes smarted. She pretended to cough. "You must have it," she said moistly. Then she became more practical. "Walk home with me this afternoon and pick it up."

Hermine's face clouded. Her hesitation smote Miss Carrie.

"It's really only a ten minute walk," she said.

"Well," replied Hermine, "I won't be able to stay. I've got to get home and wash my hose because they're very expensive and I have to take lots of time with them, and it will be most rude of me just to pick up the perfume and run."

Miss Carrie attempted a facetious grin. "Perhaps you can stay a few minutes."

She could not have selected a more perfect day. An afternoon of Indian summer, with Chalf Hill in the late afternoon mist that made the sky seem vermilion. They walked down 18th, a long avenue, which had been unpaved in Miss Carrie's youth. Here the Scotts lived. In the house with the wisteria, the Hyders. She talked with animation. She knew so many charming anecdotes about these old houses. She dangled the tidbits enticingly before the girl. But Hermine with no sense of curiosity about her for these dead folk listened only out of a sense of politeness and in anticipation of the perfume.

They skirted the university and crossed Congree Blvd. Little girls in pigtails were skipping rope on the walk. Miss Carrie took Hermine's arm and guided her around the group. Ahead some university boys loitered on the steps of a fake Tudor house. They eyed Hermine with greedy eyes. Miss Carrie looked at them with fierce disapproval and they stopped whistling.

A wordless silence filled the twilight. She knew by instinct the oncoming mood, but today she was not alone.

"We'll cut through the cemetery," she pointed to the outline of the tall slim poplars. "It's quicker."

"Oh!" gasped Hermine. "Do tell me . . . is that a cemetery?"

Miss Carrie took Hermine's arm, reassuringly, in the unaffected way she'd seen the girls at the office direct each other. The gates had already been shut, and the iron spikes, rusted by rain and long neglect, confronted her. Miss Carrie led the girl through the break in the hedges.

"This is downright spooky," said Hermine and withdrew her arm.

"I walk here every day," said Miss Carrie. "I've walked this way for years. I started as a girl in school. I used to walk to the library and then to Harriman Hall. You don't remember Harriman — ?"

"Do you live far from here?" interrupted Hermine.

"Only a block. But we can rest for a minute." She wiped her forehead. In truth she was perspiring. The hill had never bothered her before. "I must sit down," she said.

"Not here, Miss Carrie!"

"Yes, here — this very spot."

They had reached — the Holman land. Thalia's stone was less than a yard from them. Old Holman's slab cut a white triangle against the blueing sky, towering like a squat ship's mast, over the bench stained green from last year's blossomings. Miss Carrie sought the roses she had brought just last Sunday. They were still fresh. She resolved that Hermine should have one — on her sweater.

"I'll tell you a secret," she said, as she saw Hermine glance around her uneasily. "I planted that vine." She pointed to the arborvitae on the grey wall. Then she picked up a few vine maple leaves from the stone. The lettering was faded but still distinct. At least during her lifetime it would not fade. "Can you see the name?" she asked.

The girl looked down.

"Read it," said Miss Carrie in a hushed voice.

Hermine inspected the words. "Thalia Holman," she said. It was the first time in years that Miss Carrie had heard the name spoken by anyone except herself. She closed her eyes against the yellow and green sky. It was the hour of twilight. The town ate fried chicken and green peas and apple pie. The smell of evening coffee filled the air, permeated even this grotto. The H. A. Smiths gossiped about the afternoon tea at the First Church: Miss Carrie passed the show window of their sixteen thousand dollar house each night in this dusk . . . Mr. Warren Hull, with grease on his chin, scolded Junior for dirty hands . . . (the Hulls lived on the corner) . . . *Hi Ho Silver* sounded over the clink of silverware. Excluded from communion, Miss Carrie, always passing briefly, evaded the music. Tonight she marvelled at its undertone of peace. The memory of another afternoon hung over her, like a cloud enveloping a mountain, enshrouding her senses. She shook her head and brought her teeth together to still the tremor. In a way it was unreal, the way all good fortune, all sudden happiness, regardless of how much sought for, is visionary.

She gathered herself, realizing that Hermine had mispronounced the name. Without intending rebuke she corrected the girl. "Now," she encouraged, "say it again." Hermine repeated the name.

"You may have a rose," said Miss Carrie.

"Oh no!" Hermine drew back on the bench. "Not from here — I mustn't!"

Miss Carrie smiled patiently. "She would've been pleased." She had found the straight pin behind her coat lapel. "Here —" Her fingers brushing the moss, she stooped for the cream-colored rose, twisted the stem and held it out. "Hermine," she whispered. She could feel her right eye blink. "Hermine, enjoy the peacefulness here."

She saw Hermine roll her tongue over her lower lip. "If you please," said the girl with some edge in her voice.

Miss Carrie took her seat on the stone bench again, this time so close to the other that through the layers of their clothing their bodies touched. Miss Carrie could feel Hermine's trembling flesh. It was warm, but unlike any warmth she had ever known. It gave off a sweet human heat but kept to itself its own warmth.

Miss Carrie's senses were alive, alert to even the most fragmentary sensation. In the future she would rub her hands at the fire of this moment, and the knowledge of how long that sustenance must hold her made her bold. She extended the rose. *Hi Ho Silver* no longer pierced the twilight calm. She needed one minute to savor the role.

It was too late. Hermine jumped up. Like a spring uncoiled, she sprang forward, down the path, hidden now by the golden willows that Miss Carrie had planted in 1928.

She did not pursue the girl. She had expected no less of her, for the tableau never went beyond this. Alone she loitered in the grotto and listened idly to the sound of shouting from the dormitories across the Heartcall mausoleum. The light had gone now and she could see the outline of the night cloud over the sleeping dove on the Eliot crypt. The stone felt cold. *Hi Ho Silver* must come again. And when it did she arose. And then her eye caught something in the shadow that gladdened her, for the girl in her flight had left behind a handkerchief, and it was still daubed with her scent.

Frank O'Hara

Life On Earth

I

Shine, "O world!" don't weary the gulping Pole
deep in drinking this night his mighty syrup of aches.
His song will be calmer when the laughing birds settle on his soul and cling.
When calmness is near, he will lie with his breast on the fountain and scream
"Walking behind me and distributing my joys is a goose!
My darling is a leaf! My leaf is a toad!"
Hearing this echoed, he burns the air with sobs.

Night is knelling her platitudes and tearing his garments of feeling.
"Here am I! these cries are nearly mine!
their loudness is possessing me, I am becoming a leer, the very glass
of millions of things that find me disgusting.
I have thrown myself from the Bridge of Richness throughout the world!"

Misery has always reached itself a helping hand on the river bed,
the sky burgeons with aspirations as the years exhale and inhale.
It is a great feast! those blossoms which are like the Lives of the Saints.
And must he, then, die of longing in his sty?
He has already forgotten the nearness of his youth, its whiteness
in the morbid dances and truncated limbs of the yards.

See yourself then! in the skeleton of moonlight
you are spending your blood like so many ribbons in a tornado,
your desperate remedies are wildly murmuring curses in your mouth,
hear them thrashing in the dusts and the fears!
Yet choose yourself. The great open stare of unconsciousness is a crystal ball.
Your life is pushing us to our feet, O leaf!

2

Herbs' harp, the ring of the rushing moon.
A sigh of strife clusters against the blue wall
of the water which is beckoning its blue lake from the grass.
A man, a hustler, has stabbed himself, having judged
the fine blackness of his stress and wished it open.
Again the sweet dust of fear closes its eyes.
A calendar of remorse begins to flutter over the wind
its hysterical pages, its cold momentary needs.

No! in my heart the golden tongue of love mutters its worldly little tango,
this lotus blossom is like dope, this arm full of tears.
My heart is warm, my eyes are shining, pointed like fox-ears.

All is lost, the weedy loyalties of the rushing stream are drowned,
sleep appears and flees like a trout with rueful gazes and steps,
yes! I wish to be quickened, yes, until I collapse of nervousness,
I wish to whine all the rest of my life like a kite!

Your soft playing has cut into my heart. O shining ring of love!
you break like a storm on the prow of a ship.
O bitterness, you are lost within me. I am the dawn.

3
In the middle of your cluttered touch
a stork starts skimming thin green tents
and he looks like a blown vase of snow.

Wielding a rucksack he tightens the cord
of the brook, its neck of woven jade. Blue.
Blood. A pavilion wades into the clouds.

On the grey heights friends sit, like fleas,
soon cloaked in snow but very bright, very shrill,
munching the shrouded verses of negroes.

Irritable signposts! glittering like armor!
racks of slenderness's salty misery,
the hiking lust that's deep as a neck.

At your careless touch which is so purposefully gentle
the water flakes all of me into sighs.
I am beautifully painted, the whole surface of me.

All of you is standing erect in my watery head,
a pavilion in the greenness of my love
and your white smiles, like open wounds,

like moons of wholeness, drift over my griefs
which are your caresses turned inward, O friend!
soon cloaked in snow, but very bright.

4

Yes, madness is the flower of the forests,
the bleeding lotus wrenched out of filthy memory.
The black chief is still on the stairs
and the five pink African girls have come back
from Paris, the bushes uprooted and the leaves swinish,
sick, and one another, and necromantic, and shy.
There is a great locomotive tangled in their lives.
Madness, like a hyena outside a tent, settles onto the trees
assuming its blank look that reflects the sun and the silvery gliders
whose sweet eyes are opened wider.

And the zebras flutter across the smiling eyelids like a scythe.
Your poor army is attacking the zebras!
Your famous strength is suffocating in the laughter!
Look! doesn't the most aluminum elevator operator
flare up and burst like a tired sleepy rose?
Within, moonbeams pass each other's place of business
as a cat licks cream while ghosts grin and widen.
Let's trap the youngsters in here!
O coronary thrombosis of a sentimentalist! O rose!
and shower and soften and stain everything.
Over the ratty blossoms and the glazed grasses
horrible stampings "Yeah!" resound like a storm in a sunken lavatory,
"Hey!" suddenly flattening your face white which is a moon,
which is a toilet bowl which is a glob of spit.
So "life" is still at it, "eh, Nutsy?"
God damned sun always weaving shadows!
whose sweet eyes are opened wider.

And the most beautiful jungle of madness being sent
and sent! and sent! and sent! and sent! into oblivion
is the great sensual blinking flag of alarm of night
hearing itself stuffed and hung, as the stars "hear" longing.
In the darkness I am growing larger!
In the darkness I am growing louder!
I am swinging and clanging inside myself like the tongue of a bell!

5

Winding ears, trauma, and the dolors
of a trumpet player, the pitless stomach, the plague.
He drinks, but it is not more deviously followed,
gauntly, with much leaning, and no revolver pointing the roadmarks.
Then the sting in the vein which is death laughing
while the cool soul volleys for a moment and then, then spills.
It is so dream-like to surrender the mirrored floor!

What do I hear from the night watch? the horses?
A bagel is sitting in a vent.
Itching, fragmentary in-nesses shine, the feelings of the sinuses,
the mirror is always drowning.
The addict twitches "Lark! loan me,
won't you? the spoor and the pang of night!"
and from the deepest pit of vomit the glittering throat ascends
upon whose vague singing soft kisses are pressed.

I am full,
just as the enormous tree in the midst of nowhere
clings to the emptiness of living which is his ground
and sinks his roots through to the drenching purity
of the fountains of the moon, the sweat, the firmament.
O sleep will not come to me,
and if it come with its burning wing
I must lurch forth as if Spring's needles were blossoming.
I must be alone with life!

6

To die, soon. The shooting hinders the range of the mountains,
disgusting humans everywhere throng the trails like tall animals,
even the sky is like a city at dusk.

Yet, see! how like silver sails we weave a mind
out of the blue waters of the heavens within us!
here, alone, feeling the strong wind's anxiety
grovel beneath the fir trees.
The glacier sings fully and loudly of the centuries which lily our flesh
and pain is blasting an entrance for the sun.
The earth sighs with longing for us.
The blue world has looked upon us and yielded to temptation,
tired mankind is our slave, we lead him home to the red valley
where he will sleep and forget and be glass.
And the youths are already on their witty bellies!
Our spirits parade the unalterable stairway to power which is sight.
The world woefully fidgets in its cerise cummerbund
claiming to be asleep, to dream.

I am standing here with my harp in the frigid light.
I hear you by my side, but where are you? where is your love?
I sense, O my friend, that in the distant air
a great height is descending to make war upon me.
I have been alone for a long time.
I wander wherever the light seems to lead me,
to the edge of the world where white corpses forbid the openness.
O sun! heart! O eternal love forever blue with despair!
you have cut your face into my bleeding marble eyes!
and I am as absent from you as a fragment.
If I could only fear again, then I might die,
but the flames' speech flowers eternally in my posture
as I seek again and again this world that even gluttons hate.

Vile, ghastly, ignorant, I wander through the barriers,
I suck upon rue for my distinguished heart.
I roam through the city in a shirt and get very high.
I will not go away. I will never take a wife.
My heart is my own, the trapped hare belongs to the hour.
The loving earth bleeds out its laughing grunts which are green
and new and, above all! tender! yes, tender!
like the blue light seeping towards you under my closed eyelids,
so evil, and now closed at last in evil! evil! evil.

Elliot Stein

The Virgins

A girl almost seventeen and a youth just eighteen and a half met one day in the park after a Punch-and-Judy show. The young man was leaving by a gravel pathway which did not lead directly out of the park. When he passed a water fountain, there was the girl with long dark hair he had noticed at the puppets. His palm began to sweat.

The girl was drinking water. Evidently a great deal. Finally, the young man tapped her shoulder. "Excuse me," he said, "but you've been there a long time. Could I please take a sip? I'm very thirsty."

The girl explained that there was no more water in the fountain. Only at first had a few drops trickled out; ever since, she had just been leaning over hopefully.

"Let me invite you to a cafe for a beer then," he suggested.

She took his arm and they left the park, passing ugly statues of crouching pards. They walked for thirty minutes and found every cafe and beer hall shut. It was national mourning for a great general. There was very little to do in those days, and the death of a general was appreciated. Businesses were shut and children sent to puppet shows.

The girl had an idea. "Let's go upstairs," she said. "I live right upstairs and there is water in the tap."

The two climbed eight floors and arrived in a low, thin maid's room under the roof. They sat down and took turns drinking out of the single glass. Soon, each had drunk four glasses of water.

Suddenly the girl realized the force of the situation: here was a strange man in her room. He would have to go.

She took his hand to shake it goodbye and say I'm sorry, goodbye, but you'll have to go.

Instead, she said, "Ogg. Your palm is sweating so. I've never touched such a sweaty palm."

"My palm always sweats in the autumn," he replied. "The season."

"You'll have to go just the same. I'm glad I met you and I'll never forget the sympathetic way we met." She picked up his other hand to shake, expecting to find it less sweatly. She dropped it in disgust. With anxiety he rubbed both hands on his trouser leg.

"It's not seasonal, not one bit seasonal," he blurted out. "I've just had no one and no one has had me. I went to the puppet show today because I go crazy in crowds. Each big crowd has a million people in it, and I want none of them. So instead of the funeral, I went to the puppet show where I knew there would be fewer people."

The girl waited. "I took my little sister," she said at last. "But my sister got lost and I became interested in the show, so I stayed on. I've had no one either, but I never think about crowds, one way or the other."

He put his hand on her knee. "Let's go to my room," he said. "It's bigger and wider than yours and there are two windows. Sometimes there are pigeons. I feel more at home there."

He put his hand under her dress.

She put her own small hand on his thigh.

"I really don't have a sister," she said. "I'm an orphan. I went to the show because I knew they were keeping the news of the general's death from the children. I wanted to tell them about it. I hate lies and I tell the truth to everyone. I've had no one," she repeated. "We could go to a doctor tomorrow when the stores are open who would tell you the same thing."

Her hand moved.

"Come to my room," he said. "I feel at home there."

"I love this room," she said. "I've lived in this room ever since my mother ran away and my father died. She was beautiful and dignified. I feel very reassured here. I don't think I'd feel at home in your room."

He snatched her hand. "Look," he said. "Now your hand is sweating too. Come with me and no more family stories."

They reached his room in no time at all; the streets were deserted.

The girl turned on the light and gave a little cry. True to his word, there were pigeons in the room. "I hate birds," she sobbed. "They're so optimistic." She opened a window, seized a pigeon and flung it about its business. "I don't feel one bit at home in a room where birds have been." Both her hands sweated.

The youth pulled her mouth open. He tried to kiss her, but their unpracticed teeth clashed and he jumped away in pain.

"I don't feel one bit at home here," she mumbled. "I think I left the water running in my place." She picked up both his hands and placed them on her breasts.

"Listen," she said, "if this works out, we might be friends. But we have to start in my room. You don't even have a sink," she said. "When we get thirsty, what do we do? You're sweating like hot cakes: all that water has to be replaced; it has to come from somewhere or you'll be sick. Come back with me."

"I won't feel one bit at home in your room," the boy said, "but I'll try. The minute we get there, I'll close my eyes. That way I can believe I'm back here and be relaxed."

They went down into the streets again. The city had followed the funeral procession to the suburban cemetery where the general was to be buried. No one was in sight. They walked very slowly, stopping every few minutes to press sticky palms against each other's chests. Her dress got ripped and she snatched his tie off. She laughed, then they both laughed at this.

They reached her room. She tied a white handkerchief over his eyes. She turned on the light and went to the sink to fill up a glass. A rock crashed through the window and angry voices screamed up from the street. While the procession was forming, it had been announced that all houses were to be darkened for two days as homage to the dead general, but the two had been at the puppets during the proclamation. When the rock crashed through the window and angry voices followed through the hole it had made, the youth, terrified, tore off his blindfold.

The girl lowered the shade, extinguished the electric light, and lit a short, stubby candle which could not be seen from the street. "Now," she said, "make the best of it. You can't have things exactly the way you want them all the time. Personally, I like my room very much."

For the first time, it struck him how long and narrow it was: like a coffin, that was why he had hated it from the first.

"No!" he screamed. "I could never feel at home here! It was in just such a room that most of my family were burned to death! I can't stay here another minute. I've waited for you all my life," he screamed, "but I can't stay here any longer!" He grabbed her hands and dragged her down stairs. People returning from the suburbs appeared here and there in the streets; the girl's dress had been ripped in several places, so he chose a longish way home through an arcaded back avenue.

By the third or fourth pillar, she had to stop for breath. He held her around the waist. She panted and heaved and clutched at his trousers. She saw the bulge through the trousers and grabbed at it with both hands. He could stand it no longer either, and threw her to the ground and ripped off her dress, and tearing at his fly, bent to her.

At that moment, an open horse-drawn carriage came down the avenue. Two heads leaned over; the driver received an order to stop. The girl looked up and recognized her mother. The youth looked up and recognized his father. The girl's mother had run off with a government official who had deserted the poor woman some months previous. The youth's father had escaped the fire with only minor burns; he had collected a good deal of insurance.

Like their children, this man and woman had met that very day. They had gone separately to the suburban cemetery, caught up by the splendor of the cortege which transformed itself into a torchlight procession as the autumn dusk fell. They had met by chance in the crowd and immediately found each other immensely sympathetic. The boy's father had hired a cab to get them back to town before the rush. He was already taking great care of the lady with whom he intended to spend the rest of his days.

The girl recognized her mother, but felt no shame. She was feeling a new sort of pang in the depths of her body which floated out marvelously toward her aching limbs. But she was not to achieve anything further. The young man, seeing his father, was consumed with rage at the thought of the insurance and the charred bodies, and seized the nearest thing on which to vent his wrath, the girl whom he already held firmly between his legs. He bashed her long beautiful face to the curb. The silky black hair trailed in the gutter and jumped in the air as he lifted it and smashed her head on the pavement. Then, carried away by the rising sweep which would lead to a relief he had never known, he noticed too late that not only her head, but the girl's body as well, had been irretrievably ruined and mashed in his rage.

He rushed into the street and made for the horse. The horse, horrified, gave a lurch forward, pulling the carriage with it. The young man fell under the front wheels. Ensued a thrill he had never felt before; it was huge, and as it was building to a climax, but before the climax could be achieved, he was trampled and quashed.

The young man's father ordered the coachman to halt. He looked down at his son, and sternly realizing that nothing could be done, ordered them on.

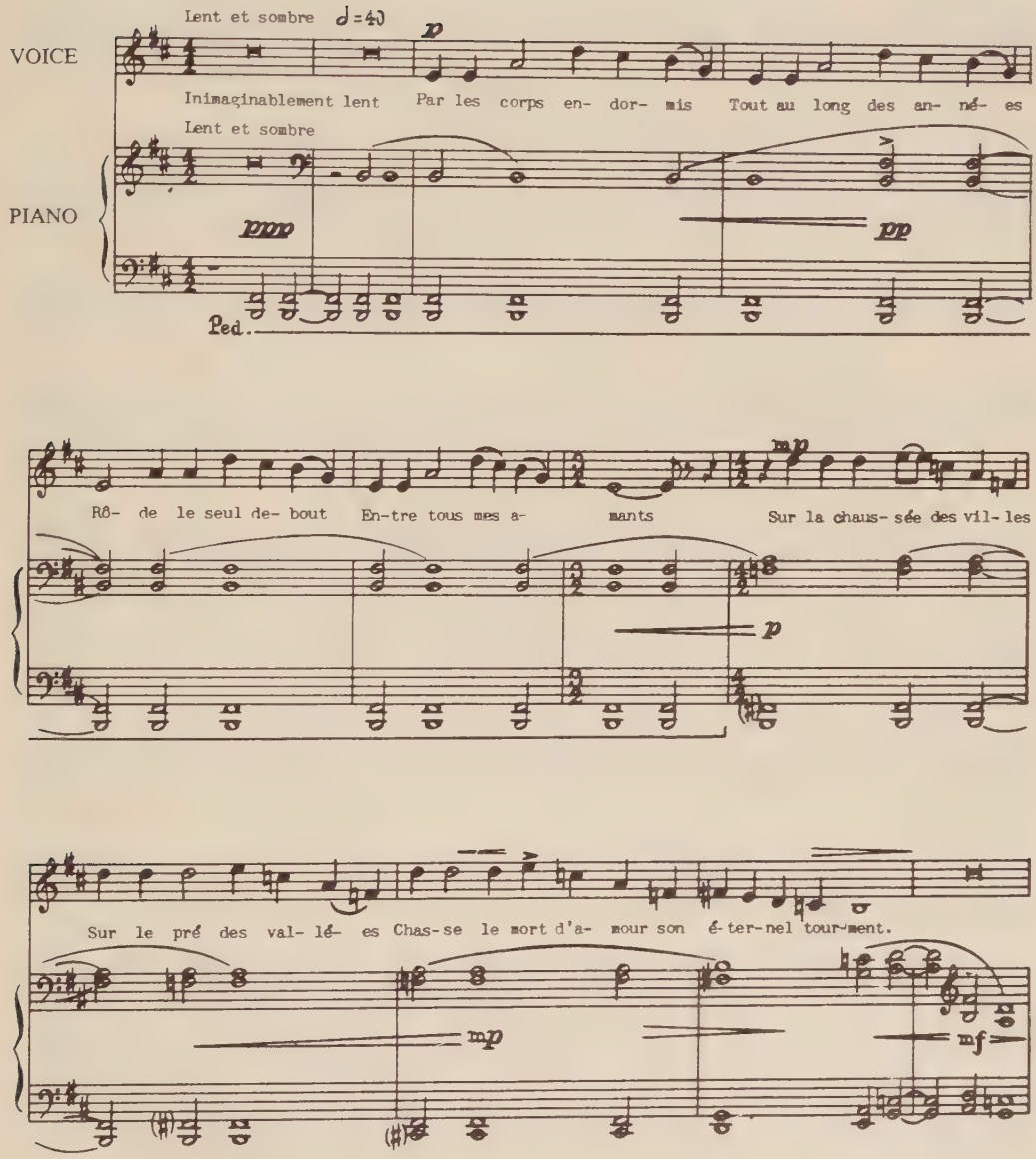
"Well," said the girl's mother, as the coach picked up speed, "at least they died clean."

JACK L'EVENTREUR

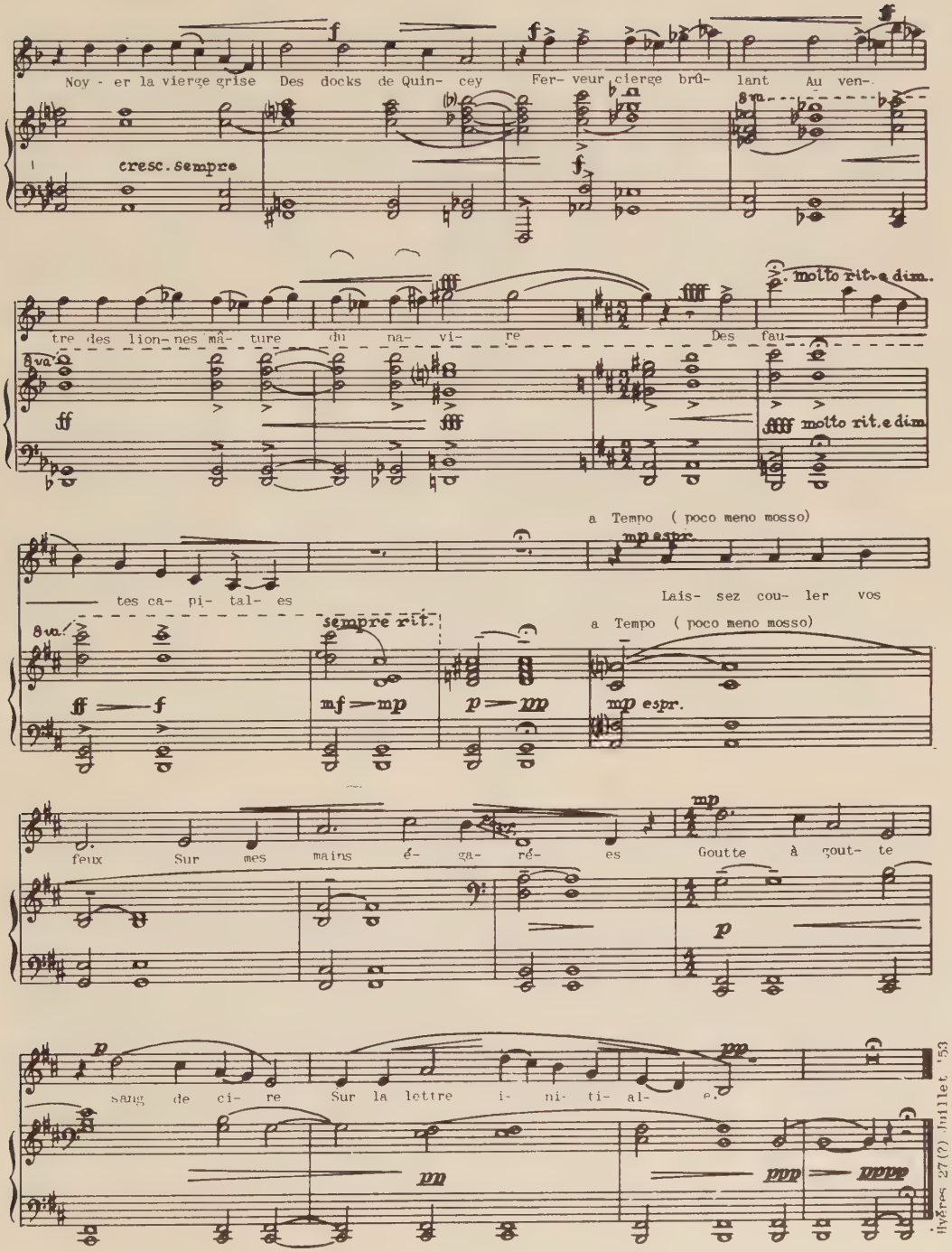
à André Dubois

Marie Laure (1946)

NED ROREM


Lent et sombre ♩=40
VOICE
PIANO
Inimaginablement lent Par les corps en- dor- mis Tout au long des an- né- es
Lent et sombre
Ped.
Rô- de le seul de- bout En-tre tous mes a- mants Sur la chaus- sée des vil- les
Sur le pré des val- lé- es Chas-se le mort d'a- mour son é-ter-nel tour-ment.

mp espr.
mf cresc.
Frè- re mon in- fi- dè- le Nous n'au-rons pas de- main
Le pour-pre cri d'a- bois Des fil-les é-car-te-
mp espr.
mf
f
mp
cresc.
lé- es
Nul n'a bu ne boi-ra Le vin fou des ton-nel-les
Voi-ci Jack l'év-en- treur
f
mp
cresc.
f
Poi-gnard de nos pas- sés
Nous som-mes l'un l'au-tre L'él-é-gant cri- mi- nel
p
pp sub.
p
mp
p sub.
mp
mf
Far- dé de vert prin- temps
Vê- tu de tweed an- glais
Qui va la rose aux dents En manches de den-telles
mp
p sub., cresc.
mf

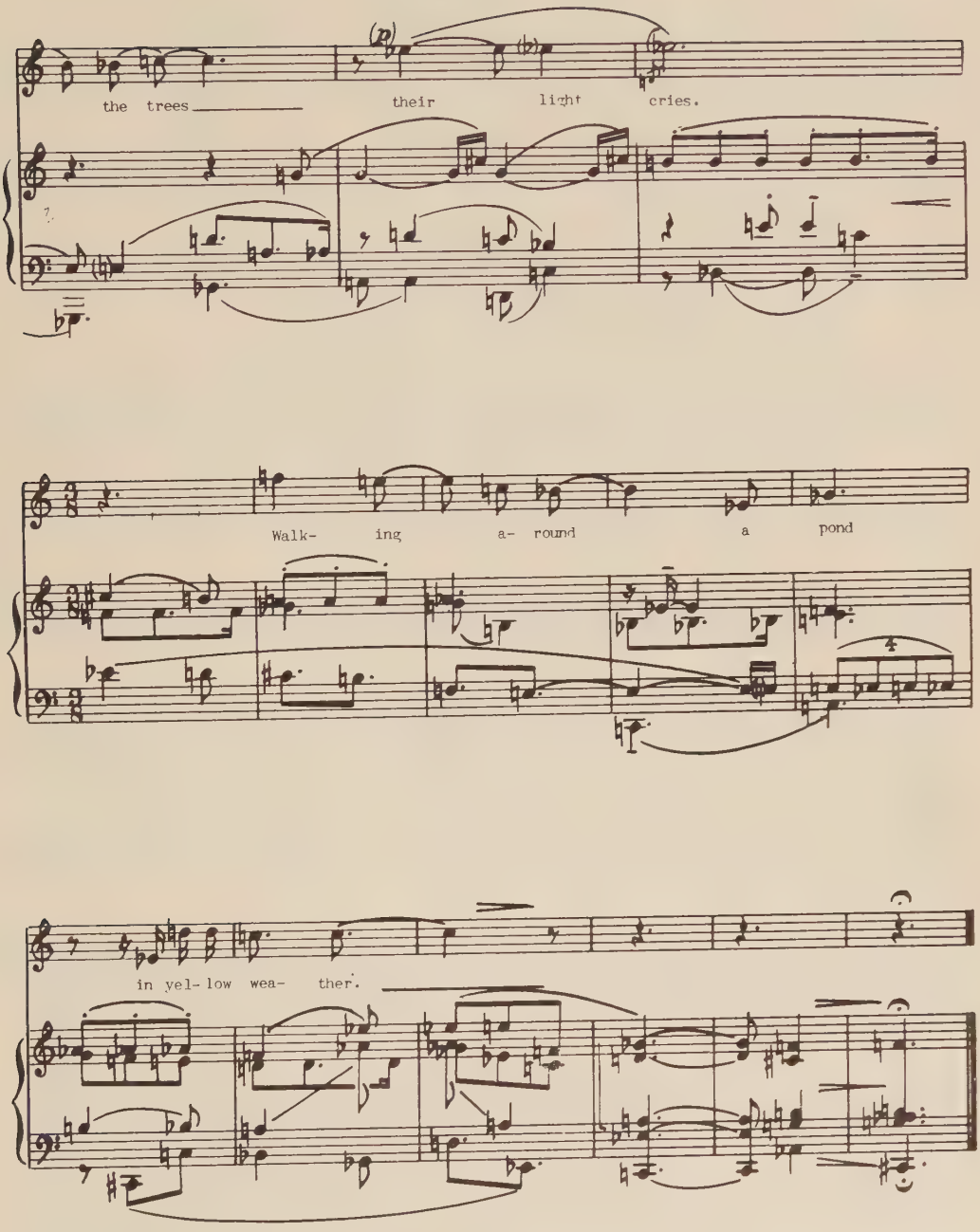

Noy - er la vierge grise Des docks de Quin- cey Fer- veur cierge brû- lant Au ven-
cresc. sempre
tre des lion- nes mâ- ture du na- vi- re Des fau-
molto rit. e dim.
molto rit. e dim.
a Tempo (poco meno mosso)
mp espr.
tes ca- pi- tal- es
Lais- sez cou- ler vos
sempre rit.
a Tempo (poco meno mosso)
mp espr.
feux Sur mes mains é- ga- ré- es
Goutte à gout- te
sang de ci- re Sur la lettre i- ni- ti- al- e.
Hyères 27(?) Juillet '53

SONG Op.44

For Soprano and Piano

Text by Frank O'Hara

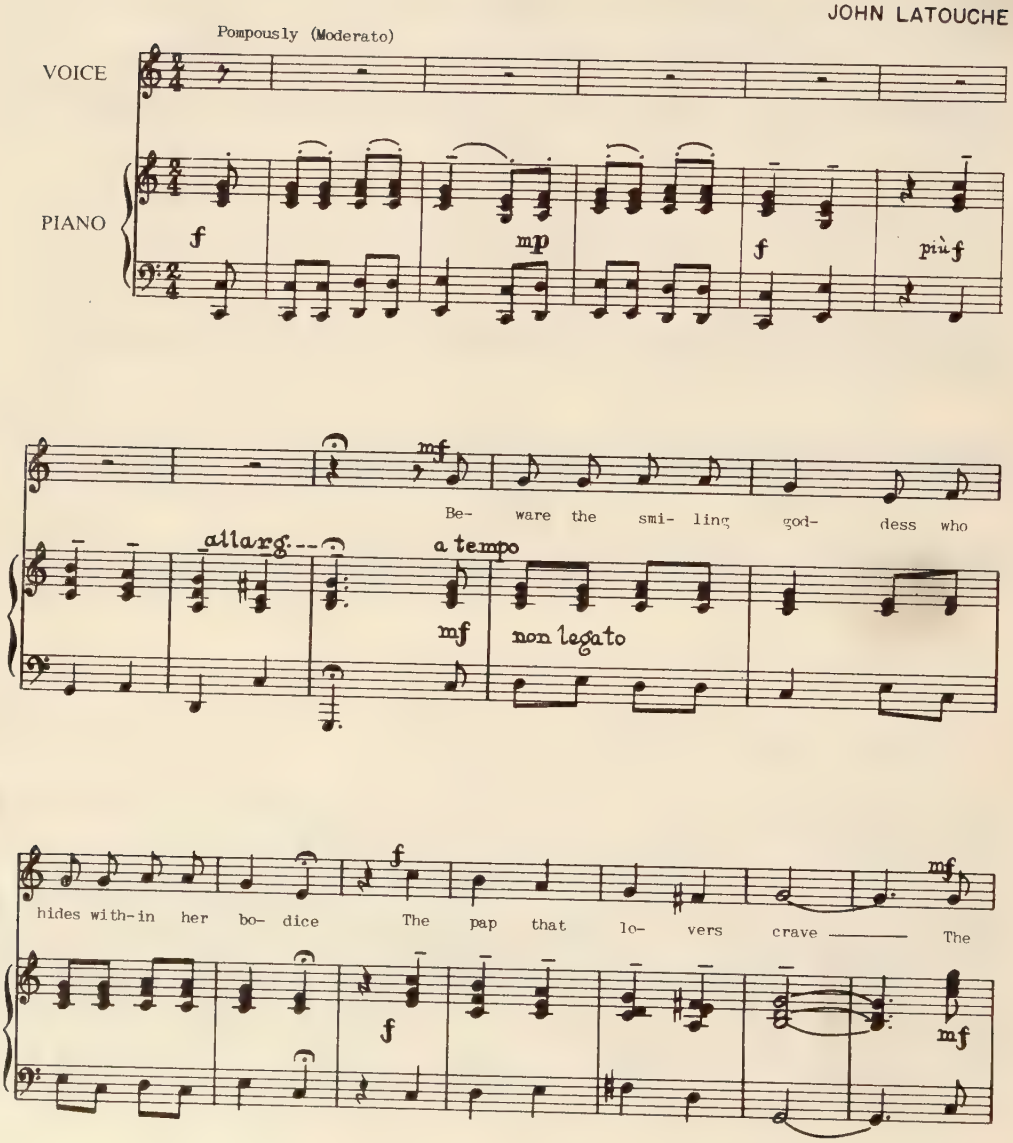
BEN WEBER

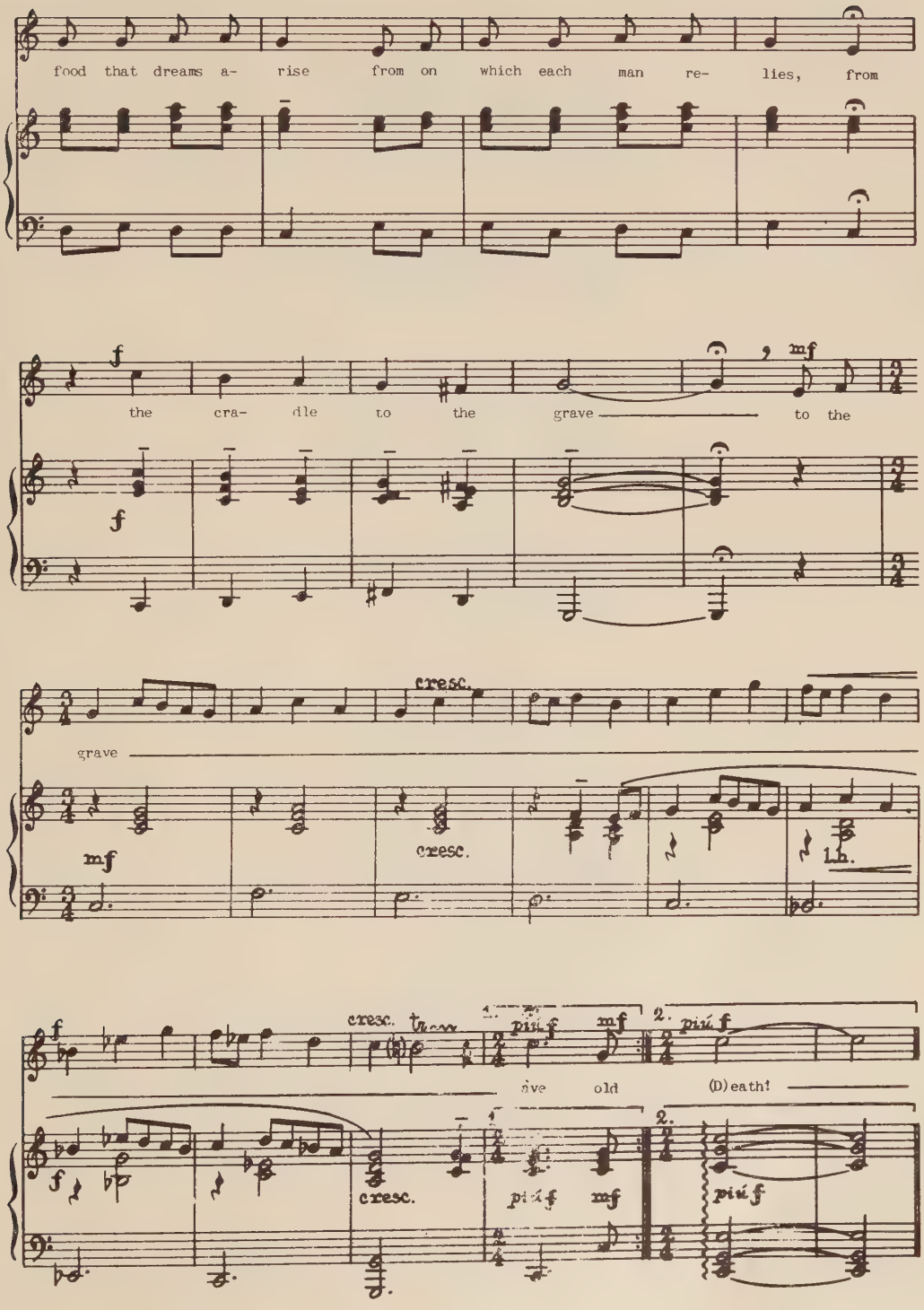

the trees
their light cries.
Walk- ing a- round a pond
in yel- low wea- ther.

MOCK MADRIGAL

(From the Hans Richter Film "8 x 8")

JOHN LATOUCHE




food that dreams a- rise from on which each man re- lies, from
f
the cra- dle to the grave to the
mf
f
grave
cresc.
mf
cresc.
l.h.
f
cresc.
1.
più f
mf
2.
più f
ive old
(D)eath!
f
cresc.
più f
mf
più f

II

Old age alone can wean us
From th' marble bust of Venus
(Those chilly fountainheads)
So ample they support all
The follies of the mortal
Who sweats in tumbled beds.

III

All wisdom man can prate of
Is crushed beneath the weight of
Her massive antique loins.
She won't be wooed by pleasures
By cunning arts and treasures
Or clink of golden coins.

IV

Her paramours must learn all
Her changes are eternal
While they are transient dust.
By all her charms enraptured
Her whiskered prey is captured
With litanies of lust.

V

Her modus operandi
With begger, king or dandy
No logic can unmesh.
They find that underneath all
Her softness she is lethal
An abattoir of flesh.

VI

Small use it is evading
Her endless masquerading
Through every shifting scene.
We're lost within the mazes
Of all her lunar phases:
The harlot, dame, and queen.

VII

Call soldier, priest, and lawyer
But no man can destroy her
Her frailty must endure.
Nor can a man by tricks shun
This delicate affliction
That death alone can cure.

VIII

So lackaday my coney
Come to the ceremony
Sing out with faltering breath.
O blest eternal daughter
Though you're the lamb she'll slaughter
'Twill be a lively death!

NOTES TO PERFORMERS:

1) The vocal roulades at the end of each stanza are based on flat dipthong sounds, and this flatness should be emphasized for comic effect.

2) The manner of singing the song: an inflated pomposity less Purcell and more Moody-Sankey!